

Published by the Press Publishing Company

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 20. SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION.

VOL. 30.....NO. 10.196

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class EN BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, be

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1207 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d ste, New York.

BRUOKLYN-350 FULTON ST. HARLEM-News
Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertissments
at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH STH ST. WASHINGTON-610 14TH ST.

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at a payment to

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

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LOCATION OF Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

CONCERNING JURIES.

In the Constitutional Convention of Montana a proposition has been made to abolish trial by jury "as a relic of barbarism." Of course it will not be adopted, because by such an action it would deprive itself of Statehood. The introduction of such a proposition merely shows what ridiculous fellows are sometimes intrusted with the serious business of constitution making.

In North Dagota there is under discussion a question concerning juries which finds many warm supporters throughout the country of the affirmative. It provides for the rendering of a verdict by a jury when threefourths of its members agree, instead of requiring a unanimous agreement, as is now the universal law. This would surely deprive the obstinate or corrupt juror of the great power by which there has been so many misenrriages of justice.

Whether a departure from the timebonored rule of unanimity would result beneficially or the reverse in the administration of justice is problematical; but in view of the manifest disadvantages oftentimes experienced by reason of the obstinacy, or worse, of one juror bolding out against all reason aga not the others it might be well to have the experiment tried in one of the new States. It is a question worthy the careful consideration of the North Dakota Solous.

EXPLOSION NUMBER THREE.

Again there has been an upheaval on Broad-This is the third explosion on that street | be the means of saving some lives of unfortuwithin a short space of time. The first was at the corner of Twenty-third street and the last at the corner of Twentieth street. This would seem to indicate that in that vicinity there is a volume of gases escaping which threatens death to frequenters thereof. It is remarkable that no one has been seriously injured by these eruptions.

How long are people's lives to be thus menaced? Isn't it about time for something to be done be ide talk and theorizing regarding these volcanic disturbances? What cor- two dear little nephews, Withur and Harold. poratious are responsible for these leaky piper?

SHE VALUES THEM HIGHLY.

9 ying to collect debts she owes them, gave au inventory of her belongings yesterday while being examined in supplementary proceedines. Her collection of "spook" pictures she values at \$20,000. It is not probable that her creditors will place the same exaggerated value upon those daubs-which the spirits would disclaim if given half a chauce.

That was a very touching admission she made when she said that she had now no as- Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will do some sured source of income. It does look as though her occupation was gone. But let | 10c.: Mr. McGinley, 25c.; Julius Proett, 25c.; not the priestess repine. There's many a F. Warnken, 15c.; Humans, 10c.; Charles woman in this city that makes an honest hying doing washing. To be sure such work takes the spirit out of a female, but that would do the Diss DEBAR much good.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the interesting exhibits in the crystal department of the French Exposition is an Fund, sent by one little three-year-old daughenormous glass bubble, capable of holding nine ter, Ruthie F. Rossiter. casks of wine. It has never been equalled in the history of glass blowing.

Arthur McClellan, a brother of the famous General, is engaged in business at Drifton, Pa. Heisabout fifty years old, of medium height and was a Major in the late war. He is an inveterate horseman.

Miss Anita McCormick, of Chicago, who, it is reported, is sugaged to Emmons Blaine, has a fortune of \$2,000,000 in her own right.

Acathere weighing 170 carats and by all mids the most valuable stone of the kind in the world, has recently been brought from India to London. It was sold by the workman who found it for 30 rapees, but is valued now at a Mousaud times as much.

Disappolatment for One.

La Burlenvine Free Prove at a grand party, Mr. Bloodgood, to Miss pleasure of escerting you into the conserva-tory?

Miss Estuce (engerly)—Certainly, Mr. Bacolgood: To tell the troth, I am haif Pames, from the country-May I have the

THEIR RESCUE.

The Free Doctors Working Wonders Among the Poor.

They Have Saved Many Little Lives by Their Timely Aid.

Numerous Hearts Made Happy by Gifts of Clothing.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.
Already acknowledged uployees of Goldsmith & Plant. Old maids.
Old maids.
Morris Flek.
Never mind.
M. H. Harris.
A Brooklyn girl. W. Russell. B. G. hay Matthews Frankie Smith Allie Smith In Memory of Bernie C. D. Reilly ... ottie V. B . Brooklyn Girl. Nellie Seeney Louis and Afred Charlie and Frankie Howard Mrs. F. E. Howard A Friend of Children Bertie Hoffman Mrs. John Rossiter

For Some Poor Little Soul. Bless your great, big, generous heart, Nell

as noble, as charitable as brave. Please give the inclosed to some poor little soul and believe me, yours very truly, EUGENE DUNBAR. " Sympathizer's" Mite.

Miss Nelson: Accept ithis mite for the poor little babies you write about in THE EVENING WORLD. I wish it were in my power to send a hundred times as much as I do. A SYMPATRIZER.

Sends All He Has.

To the Editor of The Evening World

I have been reading about the poor sick children. I feel very sorry to know they have so few comforts. I send what change I have, hoping it will do some good. It is only 25 cents, but every little belos.

BERTIE HOFFMAN. New Brighton, S. I.

The Children's Mites. To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed please find our mite for the Free

Doctors' Fund. CHARLIE HOWARD, 12 years,

FRANKIE HOWARD, 2 years, tined Wishes That Are Appreciated.

fothe Editor of The Exening World: luclosed you will find \$1: use it for the benefit of poor children. I would like to shake your honest hand.

A FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth Street. Inclosed please find \$1 for the Babies Fund. Kindly inform me to what address I can send some infants' underwear for distribution and oblige ROBETTA.

A Generous Collection.

In the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed please find \$52 from employees of way, caused by an explosion in a subway. Goldsmith & Plaut. Trusting that this may Evening Wolld's Free Doctor Fund. So nate little ones we wish you success in your undertaking.

> EMPLOYEES OF GOLDSMITH & PLAUT. Only an Instalment.

To the Editor of The Eccuing World: Inclosed please fined \$2 as a contribution

to the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope to send more next month. From Two Little Nephews.

Inclosed please find and accept one dollar for the poor sick babies, as coming from my

OLD MAID. From a Brooklyn Girl. To the Editor of The Evening World

Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Mme. Diss Deban, whose creditors are Fund. I wish I could give more. A BROOKLYN GIEL.

Another Brooklyn Contributor.

Inclosed please find 25 cents for the Sick M. H. HARRIS. Bables' Frond 412 South Sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Little Boy's Good Work. the Editor of The Evening World The inclosed was collected by Frankie Smith in two days for THE EVENING WORLD'S good: Charles J. S.einer, 25c. : A. O. Farrell, King, 25c.; S. Elsmer, 10c.; B. McPolan, 10c.; A. Shiffer, Sc.; G. Gone, 10c.; Mrs. M. Shaver, 10c.: F. Seudel, 25c.; F. L. Brenen,

FRANKIE SMITH From Buby Ruthie. Inclosed please find \$2 for the Sick Babies'

16c.: H. Aicher, 25c. Total, \$2.40.

MES. JOHN ROSSITEE. New Cansan, Conn.

Sout All Their Pennier. I send all my rennies for the sick babies, Wish it was more. Louis F. R. D.

From my brother Alfred, 15; Louis 10.

yothe Editor of The Eventing World. Please accept the inclosed one dollar for Sick Babies' Fund. W. B. G.

Accepted With Thanks.

A Little Girl's Collection.

Collected by Allio Smith for The Evening Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt the Recipients Wontn's Sick Babies' Fund, with wisnes that this little mute will benefit some of the sick | In the whole course of my life I never go

-total, \$2, 25,

ALLIE SMITH (aged seven years), One Hundred and Fortieth street.

Part of Her First Enruings. Inclosed please find 50 cents, part of my first earnings, for the sick babies. I wish I was able to send more. E. T.

A Substitute for Pish Stories.

To the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed find \$1 for the sick babies. I caunot get my three or four "fish stories" recognized, and I send this as an apology for bothering you with them, AXES.

A Doubly Valuable Gift.

To the Editor of The Eccuting World Inclosed you will find some stockings, as Miss Nelson requested. I hope little Susie D. will like them. If she is provided for, please give them to some other child. I would have liked to send them right off, but being a laundress my time is limited. Please find also 50 cents to give some poor children on your way. I think the Lord will surely remember the good doctors and Miss Nelson. MARIE PLEK.

A Case of Self-Denial.

In the Editor of the Evening World Inclosed please find 50 cents in ail of the Free Doctors' Fund. I have saved it for some time and would have had a good time spending it at Coney Island or Rockaway, but reading your paper every evening, and noting so much misery among the sick and poor children. I thought to send the money to you, so some poor child could have a good time. I will try to save some more money, and if I do I will send it to you later. SAMUEL HASLACHES.

Found He Could Afford More

Please find inclosed \$1 for Sick Babies' Fund. Wish it was \$100 instead of \$1. Success to you and Nell Nelson.

A KANSAS CITY MAN. Nelson. You are a noble woman, as brave P. S .- I find I can make it \$2 in place of one, so here is the other.

Collected by a Child.

To the Editor of The Erenton World:

I am a little girl five years old. I heard my mamma read about the Sick Baties' Fund, and thought I would like to help, so went among my friends and collected \$3, which I send, hoping it may do some good among the sick babies in New York. I am their little friend. LULU HATCH, Rutherford, N. J.

Mr. Jacobs Loans His Theatre for a Benefit. Mr. H. R. Jacobs has donated, free of charge, the Third Avenue Theatre for Saturday evening, Aug. 3, for a benefit to be tendered in aid of your Sick Babies' Fund, and we can only hope that it will prove a gigantic

success. It is a good cause, and you deserve credit for starting it. Truly yours, features. M. A. EDWARDS. Manager for H. R. Jacobs. Following is the programme: Grand Musical and Literary Entertainment

Novelry Quarter,
at the
H. R. Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre,
Third avenue and Thirty-tirst street,
Saturday Evening, August 3, 1889,
Proceeds for the Benefit

EVENING WORLD SICK BABIES FUND:

The Following Array of Talent
Will Appear:
Geo. H. Bichardson, Percy J. Knapp, Litie
Handell, Sadie M. Eimendorf, J. F. Keily, Chas.
Devide, Harry Holsten, David H. Scully, J. B.
R. Fiske, Dare O'Connor, P. Richardson,
White Bros., Gillett & Boertlein, Dr. Theo. D.
C. Millor, M. K. Palmer and J. D. Lester.

Tickets. 25 cents. Heserved Sents 25 cents extra.
Doors open at 7, 150 clock.
Performance begins at 8 o'clock.

In Memory of Bernic.

Parks Fillian of The Exector World Inclosed please find \$2 in aid of THE noble and whole-souled a charity cannot be too highly commended nor too strongly encouraged, and only those can fully a preciate the great good you are doing whose personal experience in misfortune has shown them the value of medical aid, and how severe and hard it must be upon those poor parents who see their offspring sickening and dying away and cannot afford to apply any relief. Please IN MEMORY OF BERNIE. credit this

I had a dollar saved to buy a goat, but dad said I would better give it to the poorsick children through THE EVENING WORLD. He said we should five for the good we can do, and if I did not grow up that way he would knock me out in half a round. He said further that any one who lacked sympathy for the innocent little toddiers should go away off to some desert island and hang themselves. I would much sooner have a healthy goat than a sick baby, but what dad says goes, and I don't want to be knocked out at eight years of age. CHARLES DAVIET REILLY

Half of Papa's Present.

Please find inclosed 19 cents for the sick me for my bank. SEVENTEEN MONTHS-OLD HARRY.

Wishes for Success.

In the Palaine of The Premier Build.

Inclosed please find \$1 for the Babies' Free Doctor Fund. I wish you great success in your undertaking. Lorrie V. B.

From a Good Boy.

I am five years old. Some say I am a good boy; any way, I feel good enough to ask my pop to send \$1 towards helping the poor little children. I hope it may do some good. RAY MATTHEWS.

Sympathizes with the Babies. In the Editor of The Exening Morle Inclosed please find 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will do some good. It is very kind of you to pay so much attention to the sick babies, and I wish you every

SHOCOSS, A BROOKLYN GIRL. Thunks; Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-Fifth Street.
In the Editor of The Evening World

Yours is a noble work, may God bless you for it. I wish it were \$25 instead of \$1. I alarm. Inclosed find one dollar for The Babies' will send night dresses of baby if you will A FRIEND. | tell me how to send them. Мотиев.

POOR MOTHERS BLESSINGS.

of Many. bables: Waldimies, 25c.; Sister Georgia, so many kisses as I did yesterday. Nor did | Se. ; Vincent Salamon, Sc.; Friend, 10c.; E. Dr. Hunt, and he's married. He described

Eifert, 25c.: Mrs. W. McClelland, 50c.; A all his, though, for the loving, ministering Friend, 10c.; Gentleman, 25c.; A. O'Farrel, care bestowed on the suffering and helpless 19c.; from Mrs. H., for little Allie Smith, 60c. little ones. The rest belonged to those good Wonlp's fund the odd hundred packages of baby clothes.

It was 10.30 o'clock and boiling hot when we turned into Goerck street. The doctor had a bag filled with bandages, balms, powders, ointments and instruments, and in my woollen shirts, twenty pairs of baby socks, nine short dresses, seven flannel petticoats, fifteen waist bands and forty-six slips-not muslin, either-but fine white dimity, all daintily trimmed with lace and embroidery. and many of them fragrant with the scent or lavender. It was no wonder the poor mothers went when they received them, or that the other children fought in fun "for a smell" for such snowy, pretty dresses, such soft, white shirts not much bigger than a gentleman's cuff-and such gay little boots with cords and tassels were never seen in a tenement-house before.

Ur. Hunt is a man of method. He understands his work and comprehends his field. If I don't mind we will begin on the top floor, he says, and work down. It's agreeable to me, and he gets out his match safe to light the way through dark passages.

The first stop is made at 66 Goerck street. There is crape on the ball door. The little children touch it with their finger as they pass, and one small girl, with the sunshine in ber hair and a bit of heaven's blue in her eyes, is trying the effect of the white pall against the face of a veteran doll, as armless as the Venus de Milo, and nothing like as good looking.

doctor's tiny patient, Albert, calmly resting in a small coffin, about the edge of which a little flower-maker has turned a ruche of the poor render one another, their miseries sent in some breakfast to the sorrowing soiled clothes. parents, and willing hands have brightened the cooking-stove and scoured the little floor and made the place of death beautiful.

"He is our only one doctor," the mother says. "We did not think he could go so cholera morbus and I dreaded whooping cough the most." She tells him about the the patient. green cablage they had for dinner, and the happy way the little toddler ran about the room only three days ago, and then she turns to look at the smiling face under the coffinlid. The young husband sits in a corner with his face between his bands, and the soft light that steal in through the folded blinds,

On the floor below a Polish mother is found suffering from cholera morbus. She lies in a middle room, ventilated by a hall window eighteen mehes square, and the place is so dark that it is impossible to distinguish her

Two beds fill the miserable apartment, leaving barely room enough for the doctor to move about. There are three children in the family, the eldest eleven years of age, and an aged man, who pays \$2 a month for a bed on the kitchen floor, is giving them their morning lesson. The fittle ones are neat and clean, but thin, pale and quiet-too quiet for any healthy, happy child to be.

" Only God knows how the poor live," the mother says. " My husband is too sick to work. He sells matches on the street and at night, after a hard day-and there are many such he has to beg, for our children must be

fed and the rent paid." The doctor gives her a prescription and we send a child out for some beef with which to make her a broth-the first outlay of "Sym-

pathizer's" gift. Excursion tickets are filled out for four baby girls on the same floor, and in the flat sixteen months, whose chances of life are not | the other women are impatient for his attenof the best. The doctor quiets the little creature with a powder, two prescriptions are written out and he gives our last box of Wagner's nutriment to the grandmother to prepare. We fit the child out with the nicest suit of clothes it has ever had, and both

women kiss our han is and arms as we leave. A gentleman by the name of Vincent, aged eighteen months, received us astride a washtub. Four Vin is a founding, but even that class of secrety has its use, for the foster mother receives \$10 a month for nursing him. and with that sum the rept is paid and \$3 husband and wife. The mother has gone out to wash and the husband, who can get no employment, is giving Vin his daily bath. The poor fellow is covered with rash, for acceptance of that nice piece of cutienra some some garl sent me, we take our de-

A little family of Austrians, mother, daughter and granddaughter, the latter not yet two years old, a resident of this miserable world, occupy a suit of rooms in which everything, even the air, seems black. The child has Summer complaint and only one garment. We fit her with two pretty dresses. babies, which is half of what my papa gave two skirts, three flannel shirts and two pairs of socks.

"For me?" asks the mother.

" To be sure."

"You give them to me?"

"Most heartily." " but but nobody ever gives us anything

and those are new clothes, never worn," She smiles as she looks at the silk scallons embroidered about the petticoats. Then laughs a little, and burying her thin face in the soft garment, begins to cry. Her tears move the old mother, I blubber outright and the doctor gets a coughing fit. The poor women press their colorless lips to our hands

and when we leave the tiny girl is making a much off the corner of an excursion ticket. In exchange for twenty broken suits of baby clothes we carry away twice as many blessings, any one of which is pay enough for the wearisome journey up and down rickety stairways and the unpleasant surroundings through which a doctor has to pass.

It was not an unusual thing to lay a cake of soap near a nursing mother and find the youngster eating it the next moment, an operation that gave the family no reason for

Ouce we placed an open box of diamon-l soap on a table, and while the doctor bambaged the infant's knee, an older sister heiped herself to a slice of black bread and proceeded to spread it with the time white soap. Her disappointment when told that it was not butter and would not taste good

NEUVOLENESS in infants need not be feared where Monach's Thathing Condian is used. Pince Co.

was painful; and when she said there was butter," I presumed on the generosity of "Sympathizer" and gave ladies who have contributed to THE EVENING her three new dimes, which will butter her bread for a week to come. Good babics out of "Sympathizer's" fund, all of them sick and all too poor to get nourishment m any other way. One tiny infant that had been fed on black coffee was so nervous that satchel were ten cakes of scap, twenty little | it was painful to look at it. A quart of milk was sent for, which the doctor heated over the fire and fed to the little one. Gusto is the only word that will describe the enjoy-

ment of that meal. "Auy sick babies here?" the doctor asked

an old palsied woman. "No, thank God, I buried my last thirty rears ago." She, poor creature, was siling. Would he, for the love of heaven, give her something for the pain in her stomach? Gladly.

A prescription is left for the toothless helpless creature and we give her some pen-

nies to pay for a ride to the Battery Park. At the next door a babe is sitting on the floor eating from a dish the paring of cucumbers. The doctor wants to swear, but he doesn't ; he grabs the first course of cholera from the youngsters and demands of the stupid mother if she wants a Sunday funeral?

At 60 Goerck street the doctor prescribed for a young girl, whom we find tossing about on a bed in a close room, without light or air, except that admitted through the kitchen. where the old, white haired mother is washing clothes.

Poor old mother! It is pitiful to see her. bent almost double over the steaming clothes, for there are no chairs and the tubs On the top floor in the rear kitchen is the rest on the floor. The room is clean and tidy, the tins shine and the stove is polished, but to-day it is red hot. Imagine the hardship and discomforts of these two people. illies and maybells. If it were not for the help, when I tell you that the air was clouded with steam, the heat overpowering to us and that could not be endured. Kind friends have every available space is filled with wet or

The girl is young, deathly pale and too weak to talk. She can eat nothing and for two weeks she has suffered intensely from inflammation of the bowels. The doctor does all he can to relieve, and car-fare is left for fast. I thought a little milk would cure the mother, who will go to Dr. Foster's office for a sponge and some clean linen to put on

Mary tells us she works in a big factory where she is enabled to make corset covers at the rate of 20 cents a dozen, that nets her a monthly salary of \$16. Won't some kindhearted lady call and see the little woman? Some one who has time and a few delicacies of the burning tapers mocks the sunbeams to spare. She doesn't want charity, but an ounce of sweet wine, a pound of nourishing food, a custard or an orange for relish, a fan, or perhaps a bunch of flowers would gladden her senses, brighten her spirits, speed her recovery and make her believe that some one does care. You can't miss her nor find a more worthy case. She lives on the ground floor

and she is very sick. In the garret of a tumbled down two-story building we find three rooms, each the dwelling of a separate family. The filth and misery surrounding the inmates is appalling: each woman has a baby and two or three runabouts, and scarcely one healthy child is to be found in the group.

At first, admission is withheld, which opposition; the doctor overcomes with an excursion ticket. Inquiries as to the health of the children are derided. A woman tells us: We don't go to no church and don't want to

listen to no preaching, male or female." "Will this slip fit your baby?" I asked. We measured. Too small. She is interested at once, and in tears when a little lot of clothes is handed to her. Then she confides to the doctor her own ailments and he treats mother and child. He gives directions for her diet, as well as the baby's, tells her what below a mother and grandmother, in un- to do for the "bives" that cover the child's womanly rags, are bending over a child of body, and before he is through with her case,

We dress the other two babies and promise to call again with clothes and shoes for the three-year-olds, and as we go down the crazy stairs the women and children follow us, dumb with amazement, for "no one has ever

helped us before like this." At 105 Goerck we find Marths, a nine-yearo'd girl, with a skin like marble and a pair of gray eyes of marvellous beauty. She has a compound fracture of the kuee that partially cripples her, and all day long she sits in the hall at the head of the stairs and knits ravelworth of creative comforts provided for the lings about pins stuck in an empty spool. An order is made out and given to the mother for some pretty dresses and a pair of shoes. A dozen odd children, all suffering from diarrho al diseases, are separately prescribed which vaseline is prescribed. Begging his for, and we go home with empty bags and (I'm ashamed to say it) light hearts, for the consciousness of baving done even a little to make the wretched smile is a wonderful buoy to the human heart. NULL NELSON.

The Death Rate.

There were 129 deaths yesterday, saventyfour of them being infants under five years o.d. The causes were: hoosing cough . . colera infantium. Pacumonia Bronchitis..... Other diseases.

No End of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Humorous Page.

Shaved in Six Minutes. (From the Somerville Journal,) Cuttershave? Rasp! Seafoam er wat'? B-r-r-r! Bayrum er powder? Wee-High er low? Shme? Brush! Goo' by.

Sweet Forgetfalness, " What do you think of Miss Flyrte, Mr. Smalleash?" asked the buillady innocently,

and Mr. Smalleash replied:

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Harsaparilla. That tired feshing is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kid ners and liver are roused and juvigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves at sungthened. The whole system is built up by Hond's Sarsapardia.

I was all run down and unfit for isosiness. I was in-

iff me right up so that I was soon able to resume work seems seed if to all." D. W. BRALL, 4 Martin street, Albany, N. Y. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DUSES ONE BULLAR

duced to take a borrio of Hosd's Sarssparilla, and t

sweet milk was bought for five famishing An Interesting Letter About Midsummer New York.

> Some Characteristic Sketches of Metropolitan Life.

An Actress and the Lace that Hid a Bullet's Furrow.

Scenes on the Road Now that Fashion Is in the Country.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. NEW YORK, July 20.-The city may have lost ome of its interesting women through fashionable Summer absenteeism, but there remains plenty of feminipity worth writing about. For natance, residing on Fifth avenue, the sole occupant of a most valuable piece of corner property, is a woman whose name never appears in the chronicles of society's goings. Yet she is a person of distinction in the quarter of the town in which she lives. Stately structures rear their lotty walls on every hand, but the residence of this particular Fifth avenue woman is not stately. Its location is a little above One Hundredth street. Pausing in front of it one day, I and to a small, red-headed girl:

Who lives in this shanty, sissy?" The child looked up with amazement at my gnorance of the town and answered: Why, it's the Widdy Phelan, and she keeps hundred ducks, she does,

SUMMER DIALOGUE. Here is another Summer bit of actual lialogue: "So you've got a little sister at your house," said a maid of eight or ten years to another of about her own age, in Bryant Park the other afternoon. Yes, and she's twins," was the reply.

"What are you going to name them?" "I'd like to name one of them Isabella, after Why don't you name them Arabella ?"

"Name them Arabella ?" "Yes, am't Arabelia the plural of Isabella?" In an east side elevated train the other after oon, going uptown, was a pink-cheeked German girl, accompanied by two young fellows of her own nationality. She was a picture of nnocence. Her companions were talking to her in the German tongue av d. from their gestures. eemed to be pointing out objects of interest in view from the car windows and telling her about them. She listened, smiled, nodded assent now and then, and I said to myself that here was a girl just from the Fatherland, whose blue eyes were taking in with wonder the sights of this great city of the New World as pointed out to her by perhaps her cousins, who had come before she came. The there was a lull in the talk of the young men, and clear and strong rose

the voice of the girl as she said: Well, my Lawd! if he thinks they's any flies n me he'il just find I'm onto his curves, and you

kin bet yer sweet life on it." THE GREAT AND ONLY EAST SIDE. I came across something the other day that well illustrates the cosmopolitan character of the great and only east side. It was in lower Second avenue. In one end of a double-ender baby-wagon was a red-headed infant with darkrown eyes. In the other end lay a babe with liquid blue eyes and flaxen hair.

"Not a very good match for twins," I said to the fourteen-year-old girl who was propelling "They sin't twins," said the girl. "The wan wid the red head belongs to Mrs. Carney beyant, and the other is Mrs. Lochmuller's, the street down. They bought the wagon together

and they hire me together to take care of the kids. Just then the infants began to kick and howl. and the girl addressed her remarks to each in

turn, thus:

" Howld yer tongue, ye red-headed spalpeen, or I'll bate the life out of yez; and you. Dutchy. nicht so machen, or you'll kick the sides the kinterwagen owet. occurrence which called up a memory of a few

years back, when the actors of the little scene were the talk of the town as lovers. An actress, whose beauty was once considered peerless, sat table, sipping a lemonade and gazing languidly at the dense crowd which surrounded her. Around her throat was twined a light veil of lace. I happened to know that underneath that bullet.

The Hungarian band was playing one of its weird melodies, the moon was throwing its silver light across this woman's face, and I sat there vatching that face, fascinated by the history that I knew it was a beautiful mask of Sudienly I saw that the pallor of death spread over the woman's features, her lips began to tremble her eyes stared in horror at something behind me, and her whole form shrank as though she expected death that instant to descend upon her. I glanced over my shoulder and saw standing a few feet away a tall man of not more than forty, with pure white hair and a dark mustache. By the hand he held a little girl of about twelve years of age, whose eyes here a remarks. de resemblance to those of the beautiful actress

I had been watching. As I turned I caw that his dark eyes were fixed then I saw him pass on, and heard him answer some question that the child put to him about the band. The actress remained white and trembling for some moments, and then she remested her companions to go away with her. That white-baired man must have remembered the night when he shot at the woman, hoping to kill her. There was no doubt whatever but that she remembered it, and as she walked away I wondered if she realized what a creature she had made of herself, and if she did not regret that her child would never be permitted to know

her as her mother. MIDSUMMER VS. MIDWINTER. If you don't believe midsummer New York

s a different New York from midwinter New

road and sec. It is a swirl of swell turnouts in the cason. There is a pretty clink from silver-plated be-chained harners, and a guitter of color along the line. But there's very little of all that taugled heads, and their justy young throats now. A buxon chocolate tinted lady has that department almost to herseif. She nearly fills the little mother are all laughing, and the tanher rickety buggy. The surplus accommodates a meek little yellow man, who is probably her husband. Dinah is a great whip. Her feet are pushed firmly against the dashboard, her light tan gloves are unbuttoned to give her a good grip. claims the party as swell as swell goes, her hat is a little one side, but it has ribbons gay enough to make up for that, and her directoire coat flavs from her brown and shiny throat in great shape. Oh! these people must have their show some time, and this is the time.

A carryall bumps against you, with mamous

and papa in front and Johnnie, growing too

bug for mamma's knee, asleep with his head

hanging out of the wagon over mamma's arm.

In the back seat are Susie. Tom, Mamie and

and asleep promiscuously all over Auntie Kate.

about mamma's wrist, but mamma doesn's care whether the turnout looks like a millinery shop or not. Tom has faced about and sits surreptitiously hanging his heels over the back of the wagon. Auntie Kate being too busy keeping Susie and Mamie from falling into the bottom of the wagon to notice him. Papa's kness are high in the air, because he has his feet on the lunch basket. His vest is open and he says, 'Gullang," to the old horse-not because he thinks the old horse will gullang, but just to keep the flies off.

FOPULAR HANSOMS.

There is a sprinkling of low-neek two-wheelers, but the hausoms are popular all the year round. The young things take a real outing this time of year, and a hansom is so nice. She stares right out over the apron, and so does he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once or twice yourself you wouldn't know they had hold of hands at all. She wears a white bar muslis dress, cut Mother Hubbard fashion. Around her waist is, besides his arm, a cream-colored ribbon. Her hands are incased in his and a pair of yellow silk mitts. About her neck is a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two-wheelers and love!

Now and then you catch the clink of a chain.

You see, madam and the daughters and the college son are all at Sa:atoga, and the old man stave at home, not because he has to, but because be hates it less than he hates Saratoga. He is one of those wretched old duffers who have spent the best years of their life getting control of a bank or a brewery, or a boom of some sort. He is sitting back in a corner of his swell landau now and wondering what he did it for. He has a fine old face, a heavy gray mustache, bushy eyebrows and gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He is dressed carefully and his face is absolutely empty of interest in anything. He can't even work any more. Because he has so much money all motive is gone. His wife? Oh. well. he loved his wife long ago, and he bows to her now when he meets her in the hallway of his house, and they have never had a quarrel. Children? Cors. Clars. Maude, Bertram. They used to be pretty and were fond of him when they were babies. Then boarding school college, balls, parties and-checks, checks, checks. Now he hardly knows which is Cora and which is Maude. Bertram? The old man's brows meet in a heavy scowl. That's Bertram in the English dog-cart, and that's little Augele with him. Oh, there are lots of such old men scowling in corners of their turnouts to be seen on the road just now. Lots of Bertrams, too. Bertram runs down from Saratoga to have a look at Angele. Mamma and the girls keep him pretty close at Saratoga, and a young fellow must have his fling. He is having tris fling now. Augele is flinging him. Sometimes it is the old mau who has Angele. He is rather a gay old chap this time. He is at home "slaving," In the season he shows himself regularly every after noon with his estimable wife and his charming daughters. Now he has his encumbrances off to Newport and he is doing the swell with Angele. Nobody knows. The mounted police may tip each other a wink but it goes no further. It will if Angele can manage it, though.

THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUNDER. Old Sport is on the road all the year round. He is florid of face, wears a red necktie and a linen duster. He fills his buggy closely and drives his span with a relish. He may take spuris to Long Branch for the races, but he knows better than to abandon town during the summer. Ambitious young doctors, who avoid the road during the season, being sensitive about social position, take a turn there now. They drive a steady bay and their rig is a little shabby. Pete, the colored boy who holds the horse while the doctor pays a visit, sits beside the doctor now and holds the medicine case. The young doctor is pale and a bit thin. He has a drab-colored beard and his eyes are rather drab, too. He think maybe he may see Miss Prue. He told her last week she might venture a short drive. He hopes

he won't see her, but, dear me, he would like to very much. There she is! No. no. Pete: we have gone far enough, and he turns around short. Miss Prue is in a little basket phacton and Aunt Emery drives. Miss Prue is pretty and pale-faced. She came up from the country a few weeks ago to visit Aunt Emery, and she fell ill, poor child. The doctor has said she couldn't be moved back to the country, so Auna Emery is staying in town. Neither Aunt Emery nor Miss Prue suspect that the doctor knows his own constitution could not stand Miss Prue's

Mr. Butcher and Mr. Milkman are on the road A SCAR UNDER THE LACE. too. Mr. Butcher rides in his shirt sleeves. His Up among the sparkling lights of a theatre legs are short and he sits with his knees wide roof-garden one night this week I witnessed an apart to accommodate his hearty dinner. The reins lie idly over his bony horse's back and the buggy groans at every step the bony horse takes, but Mr. Butcher feels himself real swell. whose name is known the country over, and Here and there is a children's low rig. People who have their home up the road, you know, and with some men and women companious at a live there during the Summer, coming to town for the Winter. The governess goes out with the children every day in the Summer. She is a little bit big for the pony carriage and she feels it. So does the pony. But Nellie and Scratch veil was a twisted sear. It was the mark of a sit in front, self-possessed little millionaires as they are, and wish there were more people to notice them. Even the Bowery boys get upon the road during July. They take a four-reated rig and six of them pile in. By coming home time they are all a little merry and find the rig too small for their feet. Cully Tim and Firetop Jags indulge in cat-calls, and Square Bob offers the mounted policeman who interferes a "twofer" and a bottle of beer, and the whole crew is regarded with horror by the Fark landau full of English tourists who are "doing" New York in the off season and are going to write a book about America when they get back. There is another style of left-over-from-the-season lan

OLD FOLKS THIS TIME.

dau get up.

Two old people this time. The horses are fine, the rig faultiess, coachman and footman in great torm. The old people take their solitary calmly and disclainfully upon the actress, and drive every afternoon and they never leave the city. Sons and daughters are grown up, married, estranged from the old folks, and the old folks are living their quiet, stranded lives, feeling a little lonely as they age, in the fine big house on Fifth avenue and in the swell rig on the road. Money does not make happiness, bu dear me, it needn't mar it, either. You make up your mind to that in a minute when you get a look at the pony carriage in sight. Pretty mamma must have a country-house up the road. too. My, but she's pretty! She wears a pink percale with a bit of iace falling away from a warmly sunbrowned throat. hair is twisted closely under a round hat. The hat is a dainty delight of pink roses and cream lace. The face under it is a dainty delight of York take a drive through the Park and up the pink and cream, too. Bobby and Phil are on either side of the little mother. Their round little, sound little limbs lightly tucked into white licen suits, sailor hats on the back of their curlbare at the sailor collar. Bobby and Phil and colored ponies prance a little as mamma has to pull at the tan-colored ribbons, and tancolored Joe sits behind in his tan-colored suit and top boots, and by buttons and bearing pro-Copyright, 1889. CLARA BELLE.

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Softening It Down.

Keporter-What shall I say about old man Mulligrubs? He kicked me downstairs. Auntie Kate. Susie and Mamie are bare-headed Editor-Oh, just say that he declined. with much emphasis, to express any opinions Their big straw hats, with Johnnie s, are tied